

# CHARACTER

## OF A Church-Trimmer.

By *Heraclitus* his Ghost.

### *Ad Populum Phalaras*—

**A** CHURCH-TRIMMER is the *Beelzebub* or *Prince* of TRIMMERS, the *Devil* of a Saint, and the *Master* of a Man, into the bargain, for he is *Two-fold* all over: He hath *Two* contrary Faces to put on as the Weather serves, but all things else proportionable: He hath *Two* several Tongues ready tuned both ways, a *double* mind, a pair of Conscience, one with a Belly as big as the *Titan* Horse, to swallow Camels with; the other is very straight-faced, that it may *strain* hard to get down a *Gnat* or *hurd* Punishment of a Ceremony; and *two* pair of hands and feet to be *Alley* out *humble* Servants, to church and make legs to *44* Parties, all Points of the Compass, as well to flatter *Monarchs*, as to court the *People* or *Commons* of *England*, as times will bear, and Trump turns as it were *between* the *two* to give a *man* Voluptas in a *Sheep-skin* Doublet, and *charity* in his principles, that they All are worse than any *man* for *Morals* also. He is a *Church-Politico*, a *Conforming*, *Non-conformist*, a *Spiritual* Jugler, a *Mountebank* Divine, and loves a *crowd* as well as any *Car-purse*, for Reasons best known to his own *Pocket* and *Arms*, (and when he doth give them measures for their *Strength*, and their *One-And-Alls*, as occasion offers) for as he hates *Papery* with one of his *Hearts*, so He doth upon *Heterodoxy* and *Popularity* with the other, and will not allow *any* man to be a *Protestant* *Evangelist* in point of Government, accounting the longest Sword the strongest Argument, and kindest Talk. He is as true as Steel to the higher *Power*, (be they what they will) so long as they continue such, and are able to protect themselves and *Humble* which, when they cease to be, they are no longer higher *Power* for his Money; you cannot blame him in being so for himself; when the Wind turns he must flee a quite contrary course, by force as well as choice. He pretends to be of the Religion of his *Country* for *Peace*-sake, but is really a *Sceptick* in Point of *Religion*, for though he is ready in all things that he is commanded yet all this while he *believes* nothing; or as he do, it is not as the Church but as the State believes. He is a professed Doctor of the *Law* of *Nature*, who will scarce allow a *beam* of *Grace* to any one under a *Duke*; his *Creeds* are the common Sentiments of all Mankind in Parliament assembled in his upper Room; his *Fathers*, *Seneca*, *Antony*, *Epictetus*, *Tully*, and other ancient Heroes; his *Schoolmen*, *Curcellanus*, *Episcopus*, *Socinus*, *Crellius*, and the rest of that Gang of Heathenish Divines; his dearly beloved Fundamental darling is *Self-preservation*; for whose sake he hath an universal tenderness for all *Seeds* and *Fallacies*, Christian or Infidel; among the *Whigs* he is a zealous *Whig*, with the *Tories* a moderate *Tory*; and hugs himself in the story that he is the very *Picture* of the old *Doctor* of the *Gentiles*, because he becomes all things to all men, that so he may by all means save ONE. Would ye know what he was or did in those days when there was no *King* in *Israel*? Malice it self could not suspect him to have a *King* in his Heart in all that time, as became a man of *Temper*, *Prudence*, and good Nature. He was true and faithful to all the several new Faces and *Phases* of Government (as that Female *Hector* swore she had been to her seventeen Gallants)

Gallants) though without *Kings, House of Lords, or Commons* either; (none but Fools and Sots will suffer and starve, be the Weather never so cold, or times bad.) The man of *Salamanca* can hardly swear what *Order* he was *in*, but he was a mighty busie Pulpiteer; he had the Gift (or rather the Art, or *Can*) of *Praying* by the *Spirit*; he prayed aloud for all the seven *talents* which *Providence* *judged* to let over us, though all perjured *Rebels*; (for he was never against the *Succession*, unless it were in the *Right Line*.) He preached in a black Cloak and white Gloves, and inveighed bitterly all along against the *Roman Missal*, and the *English Mass-Book*, with all their Superstitious Forms and Rites; against *Popery* and *Prelacy* alike; for next to *Kings*, he loved *Bishops* worst at that time of the day. His Fingers itched to have a share in the Government *then*, that he might shew his cowardly Frowels in trampling upon a poor Church when it was down; and persecuting a Loyal Clergy-man that durst presume to read *Common-Prayer* under his sanctified Nose; for these and such-like glorious ends and to shew how heartily he espoused the Cause, no doubt he used all laudable means, though I will not say positively that he lifted himself *Chaplain* to some Major General, or other man of *Might*, or committed *Marriage* with a cast *Abigail*, or genuine off-spring of old *Holofernes* his own *Flesh and Blood*.

But the last Game of this Church-Sophister, is his Master-piece, and worth all the rest; for so soon as ever the Clock struck 1660. and the word was *Dieu & mon Droit*, and all the Bells and Pulpits rang, *I will overturn, overturn, overturn, till he shall come whose Right it is*; his *Trimmer-ship* (in a great Fright) turned Old Cavalier in a moment, like the man that grew Gray in one night: He put on the Face of *Loyalty*, began to assert *Monarchy* strenuously, took all *Calumny* and *Treason* to bind him to his good behaviour for the future; subscribed the Articles of *Religion* (as Articles of *Peace* indeed, but not of *Faith*) and fell so desperately in love with the Church all of a sudden, as if it had been really his new *Mistress*; but this was only a Copy of his Countenance; however, finding a new Talent put into his hand, and the old ferment of Ambition working still in his brain, he resolves to be *somebody* (and not *Vicar of Bray* still) to make a greater *Figure* in the Church, that he may be the more able to serve *Her* a Dog-trick, and betray *Her* into the *Phylacteries* hence, when time shall serve. It was not long before he began to set up a new Church within the old, to cry up *Comprehension* and *Toleration* for all *sects*, lest he at last should be found *unprofitable*: He marched into the great Ministers of Church and State, and presumed to make like too, of *Worthy men* and *wen* *Worthy*; to blacken and defame all *Loyal Clericks*, and recommend those of his own stamp as the only men of *Merit*, to cry down the *one* as men of hot heads, and *Popish* inclined, and make the other as great Masters of *Prudence*, *Conduct* and *Moderation*; so that the most useful, honest, and able Church-man that will not lick up his *Spirit*, must stay for his Reward till the Great day. He steers all our Church-mages in different little *Twines*, not to be contrived for; treats one *Life* in the *Petry* before a whole *Organ* full of the *Brilliance*. He seldom reads the publick *Prayers*, but *Preacher* would without end: He hangs a Cross in his Heart, and values not the *pen* thereof in *Baptism* at a brass *Farething*; two Guineys will purchase him to leave it out: He allows no more of a real *Presence* in the Sacrament, than at his own Table, when (by chance) he eats at home; his Sermons are wisely composed, to treat men of all *Religions*, only they seem to be more particularly calculated for *Jacks* and *Pagans*, than professed *Christians*. In one word, He is the *Kings* humble Servant in the intervals of *Parliament*, when *He* can rule his own *Reass* without the disturbance of popular *Voices*; but if he chance to want *Money*, or *Hands* or *Heads* to assist him in *Exercities*, when *Fashions* grow high and insolent against *Him*; and threaten the second part to the same *Time* of 1641: this true Protestant *Trimming* *Antichrist* fairly denies his *Master*, saying, *The King is but a man, but the People of England are very numerous*, and what wise man will disoblige and provoke a *Multi-tude*? Ah, *I will rather venture and trust His Majesty's wonted Clemency, than their known Fury*; I have read *Marshall* and am well aware, that *Honesty is not the best Policy*, though it be the *Fools* Motto, I was never of the losing side, and will save my state still if I can.

Here's your *Trimmer* for you with a Vengeance! you that would know more of his Principles and Ways, must repair to the *Reconciling-Office* near *St. Dunstons*, being the half-way House between *Heaven* and *Hell*, where he is to be spoken with once every Week; and you are desired to tell him that he must not give *Characters* of others, if he love them not himself, but that he must expect, some time or other, to meet with a Rowland for his *Offences*.





